

other fact that he belongs to the opposite sex. But on the other hand she is quite as likely to find herself at the mercy of an ill-natured, unprogressive, selfish employer, who looks upon her as a piece of office machinery—or worse! And if she is poor and places are hard to get, if she is inexperienced or weak or easily tempted, if she has no moral ballast, no good teaching or mental fiber to sustain her "glory and alas!"

How can young women who are not forced to support themselves see any glamour in this sort of thing? For somewhere along the business road they are sure to meet Apollyon, somewhere they must struggle for mastery, and the fight, while it will develop character,—it it does not irretrievably mar it,—will leave the worker a bit harder and sturdier and wider-eyed toward evil. And if she is frank with herself and conquers the tocs that are sure to beset her, she will know in after years that she has lost something of the softer side of her nature; that the charm of old-fashioned womanliness, such as she remembers in her own mother, has gone—and she cannot bring it back, any more than she can bring back her belief in the chivalry of noble manhood, her faith in self-sacrificing mastery, her high and inspired ideals.

"But she knows life as it is." Her experience is practical, and therefore more valuable!

But I am all old-fashioned enough to love the gentle, trusting woman of lofty ideals, who has full faith in human nature, whose presence in the home is a benediction, whose children call her blessed every hour of the day, to whom can cling no touch of wrong, no taint of unkindness. And I am sure that nine out of ten men believe in her too, and would like to see more of her today. Else why do they still seek such to be the mothers of their children? I used to wonder why men of great mental power so often choose for wives women of small minds, perhaps, but of great hearts and homes-loving natures. Now I know.

The woman who goes out into the world of men learns what men are. This is her first necessity and her first protection. She must learn not to see evil nor to recognize temptation, except to pass it by secure in her own innocence. She must learn to look men straight in the eye, if her to succeed, and to think of them only as fellow beings. The sex question has no place in a business office, and this fact, seldom expressed, is one of the first principles of her business relations.

BUT what effect is all this to have upon her own marriage? If she enters the holy state of matrimony, it will be with an enlightened mind and a sure knowledge of real "man nature." But is that so desirable? Has not the glamour of love and worship that attended the old-time "love match" its use in the economy of nature? Will a woman make a better mother, a purer wife, because her eyes have been opened and husbands are no longer placed on pedestals? I would not be misunderstood, although I shall probably be. I am glad that, since so many of us are forced to earn our own living, there are so many avenues open to us. But I would warn every girl who has a home in which she may stay honorably not to be in a hurry about cutting loose from it and setting out to be "independent." And will the mother of girls please take notice? The young woman who enters a business office should be trained for her work, morally as well as spiritually, mentally as well as physically. She must realize at the outset that drawing room manners and romantic sentiment have no place in the business office, although a gentleman is a gentleman wherever he may be. She must know, too, that all sex interest should be laid aside at the office door, if she is to do good work and make herself of value to her employer; more yet, if she is to win respect from others and preserve her own self-respect as the years go by. And she must be educated up out of the idea that a rich marriage is to be the end of her career, and that the men she meets in business are legitimate prey for her matrimonial ambitions.

The young woman at home should be taught to be contented there, to fill her mind with useful occupation, and to read intelligently, to look upon marriage as the holiest state possible for a woman, to regard the profession of home making as great enough for the greatest woman that ever lived. She should learn to keep house, to love little children and to understand them, to love home better than any amount of superficial quiet, to be tactful with people of both high and low degree, since she may not know what the years will bring in the way of associations. But let her not be allowed to set a "career" up in her mind as the only desirable thing for a woman.

THIS wisest woman I ever knew was the wife of a millionaire, who insisted on her three daughters taking up some one study and becoming so proficient in it that they could support themselves if reverses should come; at the same time teaching them to prize their beautiful home and be glad to stay in it. One of these daughters is today an accomplished musician, sufficiently skilled to appear in concert with our best orchestras; and, although she married a wealthy man with many fashionable connections to take her time, she has managed to keep up her practice through everything. Another daughter studied art, and could establish a reputation as a portrait painter at short notice if necessary; while the other is a skilled housekeeper and could manage a great establishment with a retinue of servants for some other than herself, should it become necessary. "For," said her mother, "no one knows how soon our money may take wings and fly away; and my girls must not be left as so many are, to become helpless, shabby-genteled women with a smattering of everything, but not enough knowledge of any one thing to make a living." And still she taught them that the career of wife and mother was the highest and most sacred possible, and each of them today is honored by husband and children.

There will be a reaction, and, while it will be possible from now on for young women to go out and earn an honorable living in professions for which they will have special training, the average young woman will come back to the old-fashioned idea of wedlock,—the same old-fashioned idea combined with the modern evolution of methods to be applied to the best of all feminine vocations. The day is coming again when the educated, thinking woman will be prouder of raising a family of good citizens to make the world better, than she could be of making a name for herself in any line whatsoever, various professions and the business world. No one has ever thought of asking if she had ambitions.

A few months ago she saw two of her fine young sons graduated from Harvard University with honors. They had taken prizes and won scholarships from the time they entered the Latin School until they took their collegiate degrees, sufficient to pay their own way right through from the grammar school to the end. At twenty-three one of them became professor of literature in another college, and the younger took a postgraduate course to fill in the time until he should be old enough to take a similar place. And at last the little woman spoke.

"What do you think of my lifework?" she asked. "You have all been doing such great things all these years. Don't think me foolish now if I am a little bit proud of my 'career.'"

And I said to her, "Many women have done excellently; but thou excellest them all."

DAVY JONES' LOCKER

BY S. TEN EYCK BOURKE AND CHARLES FRANCIS BOURKE



(over)

Squinted Over to Where the China Castle Lay.

WHAT I think, Bud Braun, that wreckin' comp'ny ought to break up that ship. They ought to set off a stick o' dynamite under that old China Castle that votan' me's been divin' in, fore some rammin', jammin' liner goes to Davy Jones' locker on her, blunderin' in unspectin' on the Gridiron! She's havin' for ship-murder sure as my name's Hammerhead Joe!" Joe Bronson (Surfman Bronson, No. 4 on the roster of Ships Bottom Life Saving Station on Barnegat Beach) delivered himself with the finality of grim experience to his chum Harry Braun, of the same service and beach, and fellow volunteer in the "emergency diving squad" of two, recently installed at Ships Bottom.

The two men were in the boathouse adjoining the little, white-painted, red-roofed life station, busy with the newest acquisition to the station's apparatus,—the compressed-air diver's armor, equipped with the new "aerotank" reservoirs, fitted to the back of each suit, which would keep a man alive under water for at least a fighting chance, with his air hose-fouled, or severed by a shark's snap.

With the life savers' traditional aversion to innovations, Ships Bottom as a whole, with the exception of Hammerhead Joe and Braun, resented the "newfangled" attempt to equip the life stations with divers' outfits, similarly as the United States navy ships are.

"You never can tell when that dinky divin' trick may come in handy. Folks ain't always drowned outside ships. There's such a thing as ketchin' a man in a trap an' drown him," Bronson said, when Ships Bottom announced its willingness to leave Davy Jones' locker (as sailors call the bottom of the ocean) severely alone. Mule-stubborn, Bronson was, once he got an idea into his close-cropped head.

Bronson and Braun had always shared dangers and hardships for friendship's sake in the past; in tacit emulation not to be outdone in Annie Lorry's eyes, since she had taken the notion in her pretty head to play

chess with Fate and use Joe and Braun for pawns. As a matter of fact, Bronson never quite knew whether he was in the game. Joe's way of carrying out a courtship was to sit like a bump on a log over a pipe with old Dave Lorry, Annie's father, who was engineer of the big millionaire yacht Juanita, down shore, and pretend not to know that Annie was in the same township. This was Braun's way at all. A fine, upstanding young fellow, Braun was, always jollifying and joking—no wonder Annie made a "king" of him!

They both jumped at it when the chance came to prove themselves out as amateur divers, and last in the salvage of the big tea-clipper China Castle, which came in on the last splurge of the equinox to settle down in five fathoms off Gridiron Reef, with forty-two thousand chests of oolong in her hold. Bronson and Braun led each other a merry chase round down the ratlines of that sunken ship, playing follow the leader, and taunting Davy Jones down there in the hissing hulk, where a touch might bring down a pile of freightage, or foul the air hose, before the pair of amateurs mastered the use of the emergency air-oxygen reservoirs.

IT was a thick day, drizzling, with a sulkylop on the sea—just the kind of weather to send coastwise ships groping off their course and hunting trouble in the fog. In the gathering murk, the tall spars of the deep-waterman, etched wrathlike against the dim horizon, were barely visible from the boathouse runway. Braun squinted out over the slaty ocean where the China Castle lay, a rifleshot out beyond the parallel ridges of the Gridiron's treacherous reefs and shoals.

"Pity we couldn't raise that old hulk!" Braun said regretfully. "The wreckin' comp'ny left the worth of a shipyard in her, the worth of the Juanita."

Bronson cared nothing for the wasted salvage on the ship; but he cared a whole lot for the steam-yacht Juanita, the crack turbiner that was poking her slim nose in at Gridiron Reef that very moment, to take a look at the wreck. A Cramp-built clipper the Juanita was, of white and brass, and shaving those wicked black horseheads of rocks at a twenty-three-mile clip, under the push of her ten-thousand-horsepower engines. And Dave Lorry, the engineer, was waving his hand from the midship section—waving it at pretty Annie, who made it a point to come over from Barnegat village to "see father's yacht go by."

"That China Castle's goin' after something some day," Bronson said as he went off on beach patrol. "Likely as not, it'll be the Juanita she gets. I wish Dave Lorry was out of her!"

The tea hulk, and the proverbial recklessness of the Juanita's skipper, had got on Bronson's nerves. The thought persisted when he went off watch about four o'clock that afternoon, thinking how miserable he was, and of Annie's liking Bud best.

AND then, without a moment's warning, when the crew were smoking, and Joe was figuring on where the Juanita might be, the sudden wail of a siren, coming in from the sea "smoke," galvanized the crew into action and sent Bronson scurrying for the beach, his heart in his throat.

It was the Juanita, all right, "Lorry's yacht," the beautiful Cramp-built turbiner, cut down in all her glory of gold and white, with a jagged gash sliced in her starboard side where the elliptical stern of the tea ship had caught her when she came cutting corners on her way home. A cluster of electrics off the Gridiron told the Ships Bottom men she had stopped.